1: Spier E-5 (1918) 1928
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

scalps are washed with soapweed by an old woman in one tale.) He hangs the scalp from a pole set up in a clearing and calls everyone to come and dance. Men and women wash and don their gala dress, painting their faces in any style and color they choose. All the men and women dance around the pole with the same shuffling sidewise step used in the social dance. They pat their mouths as they shout. They probably do not care for the scalp after this dance. It is interesting to note that while these people have observed a Paiute victory dance they have not borrowed any of its peculiar features. There is no definite system of war honors.

Taking the whole scalp is also credited to the Yavapai by my informants (although Corbusier says they took none.) There is no purificatory rite after killing, nor set speeches made to war parties as among the Pima. The wolf dance (beating on a hide) of the Lemhi Shoshoni, Nez Percé, and many Plains tribes, is unknown.[1] Scouts wore neither wolf hides nor grass headdresses for concealment.

War with the Paiute. This happened at Gwídägwît [Uinkaret Mountains] either before I [Sinyella] was born or when I was a little baby.

There were many Paiute living on the east side of those mountains who wanted to fight. They crossed Hagátafá [Colorado River] a little below Huśltovôk,ôvá [pine precipice, Moho Canyon in the eastern Walapai country]. They came across country north of Pine Spring. Many Walapai lived along there. There they killed many men, women, and children. They repeated this once or twice, killing quite a number of Walapai. The big chief of the Walapai thought that the Walapai ought to cross the Colorado against the Paiute. They talked this over and all agreed. Then the Walapai chief sent several men down here to us. The Walapai said, "Our people want to cross the Colorado and kill the Paiute. Our chief wanted us to come down to persuade some of you to go with us." The Havasupai agreed, and some went with them. They went where the Walapai were already assembled. The Havasupai big chief said to the Walapai, "The Paiute killed a lot of your people so you are angry and want to fight them. That is all right."

Then the Walapai chief said, "We are all ready to go. We know the place to climb down to the river." So all went down directly opposite the mountains to the south side of the river. They got long logs and put cross pieces between them, making a raft to put their beds, provisions and arrows on. A lot of them took hold of it on all sides and pushed it before them as they swam. They unloaded it and pushed it back to fetch those who could not swim. So they ferried all over. They camped there on the north shore over night. In the morning they went up out of Grand Canyon. The old men pointed out the spot to me from this side and it looks like a good place to climb out. When they got up on the plateau, they traveled straight toward those mountains. They found a road a little way back from the rim. When they were about halfway from the canyon to the mountain, they came upon a Paiute camp. Some of the strong young men always traveled ahead; if they found nobody, they sent one

[1] Lowie, (a), 194; Spier, (b), 465.

Spliff Y-5 (ca.1961) 1964 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

133 Were they carved there by Those of Old? A short trip might give the answer.

We scrambled up the talus on one of the steepest trails I had ever climbed, followed a ledge until we came to many openings in the face of the wall, each a tiny doorway. Stooping, we passed through one of the doorways, but could not stand erect under the low ceiling. The sandstone walls were bare. The floor beneath our feet gave a hollow sound for the caves were in tiers; a row of such cavities was immediately below the ones on this level. The ledge formed a path on which the occupants could pass from one cave to another.

We returned to the ledge and looked down on the peaceful scene so far below: the village, bathed in dazzling sunlight . . . men drying buckskin . . . women weaving baskets or gambling fiercely under their porch shelters . . . a wide pool, dark with the bodies of frolicking children. What need had these people for dome-shaped holes in their canyon wall, holes that bore no evidence of recent use? Yet across the canyon on a flat-topped bluff stood a [712] fort; through the portholes in its masonry, the canyon could be defended from wall to wall—with help from these ledges.

726 With the battlefield a panorama below us it was easy to visualize 714 the battles that had been fought on the canyon floor, Gentle Annie and others of her generation unwilling participants. In preparation, the Havasupai armor-bearers hastily scrambled into their armor—buckskin robes falling from their necks almost to the feet protecting the body front and rear, a wad of buckskin in the left hand to protect the face, a roll of it about the neck, the right hand free to wield hatchet or club. The shield-bearers, carrying strong wooden sticks from which buckskin aprons depended, accompanied the armor-bearers in the forefront of the battle or, in retreat, covered the rear. The shield-bearers were of particular importance, for the enemies' arrows clung to their buckskin shields or fell harmlessly from them. Armed men, crouched in the protection of these shields, sent their salvos against the enemy at every opportunity, while the armor-bearers clubbed and beat the invaders.